

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XL

JANUARY, 1932

No. 7

Publication Office

49 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

THE POWER IN THE MASTER MOTIVE

Big motives are required for the doing of big things. Petty motives are useless for great tasks.

Paul was a big man engaged on a big task. Many of his contemporaries found difficulty in explaining him. They fell back on the hypothesis that he was mad, and in any case they thought he was a fool. They couldn't otherwise explain his conduct. Men find it difficult enough to cut their losses but Paul had cut his gains. Privileges that were a cause of envy in others he had renounced.

Born to be an officer, he enlisted in the ranks of a despised sect. He surrendered the possible secluded life of a scholar for the rough and tumble life of a pioneer.

If that is to be a fool, he is not averse to the name. He will wear it as a decoration. A fool—yes—for *Christ's sake*. That is how he describes his motive.

We should like to have heard those words from Paul's lips and to have noted the tone, the quality of them. In another connection they have come to be much used by us, an often hurried finish to our prayers "For—Christ's sake. Amen." There is something almost indecent in the too easy use of great words—in turning phrases which once were battle cries or poignant appeals into the small change of speech.

To Paul the phrase was the most beautiful of all music—the melody to which life was set—the deep, throbbing, kindling motive of amazing heroism and sacrifice. In it was the secret of a life energized in a new way.

Certainly it is a motive of extraordinary power. Wherever it really gets going in a man's life great things happen. There are few more kindling or humbling

tasks than to spell out from Christian history the power of this motive. As a result one receives certain outstanding impressions—true for Paul and for all the rest.

We find men doing and enduring, in a way that one might easily say was *physically* impossible. It isn't so much that they did what they could as that they did what they couldn't. It would seem that even physically we are not at our best except under a big inspiration. Given a sufficiently strong motive and the body will respond to amazing demands. Given a motive of high power, one can do maximum service and be less tired than after minimum service with a low-power motive. It is no uncommon trouble. We are often tired through doing too little. We might do twice as much and be refreshed at the end of it, given bigger inspiration.

"For Christ's sake" was the motive behind the toils and physical endurances of Paul and others, who apart from the high-power inspiration, would be regarded as physically frail. That is one way in which Christ's power is made perfect in our weakness.

Another outstanding impression of such lives is their inner staying power, their fortitude in ways beyond the physical. "For Christ's sake" is a motive that doesn't "fizzle out." It is not like a stream in the desert, beginning well and bravely but quickly dried up.

Anyone who takes on the service of his fellows soon discovers that love's task is no skirmish. It is a campaign that demands long endurance. Many would-be servants of humanity reveal only temporary enthusiasms. After a spasm of service, they retire, disappointed, exhausted, even disgruntled.

In contrast to that, think of a girl like

Mary Moffat going out to South Africa a century ago as the wife of Robert. Their lonely home was almost a thousand miles in the interior, and for the first ten years there was not the slightest response to their appeal—not a single grain of harvest for all their sowing. Yet they patiently continued all those years, having no doubt of the final issue, or of the worth-whileness of giving their lives to those ignorant, backward, dark-skinned tribes who seemed incapable of understanding their presence, except as an attempt to hide because of some crime they had committed at home!

That sort of fortitude is one of the thrilling things in Christian history.

Another impression we receive is that once this motive has gripped anyone in its fullness, life ceases to be a mere prudent calculation of duty. It moves in quite another realm from that of a "nicely calculated less or more."

Religions have been divided into those of the *Law* and those of the *Spirit*, to the detriment of the former. Relationships and obediences under the law are not of the highest sort. Where the law is concerned, the tendency is to work on the minimum obedience.

A religion that would bring the utmost out of men needs to move in another than the legal realm.

It must be a religion of the spirit.

There, is one of the great differences between Pharisaeism and Christianity. Once the love of Christ is at work we cease to measure and weigh out our duty—we move from minimums to maximums.

It should not be forgotten that this motive is a personal one.

It has a thrill of personal relationship and obligation. It inspires personal devotion and the love of one who saves. It is His love that constrains. Just now a tendency prevails in some quarters to make the religious motive impersonal and abstract. Some seem to fight shy of the more intimate terms, such as Christ or God. They prefer an impersonal substitute. But the change surely involves a distinct loss. A loss of glow and wonder and passion. Would anyone who knows the facts claim that "*for humanity's sake*" is as good a motive and inspiration as "*for Christ's sake*."

Christianity taught man to see in the sick, the orphaned, the needy, the image of Christ. They saw Him in them.

Those tortured, broken bits of humanity were His brethren. Men like St. Hugh of

Lincoln and St. Francis washed the wounds of lepers, and ministered to their needs under the poignant and compelling thought that in them Christ Himself was hungry or hurt or wounded in the battle of life. Once that is felt comes a change of attitude, comes into the service a thrill and glow of devotion not known before. Historically that conception marked a new era in humanitarian service.

We do well to see if this compelling and transforming motive is at work in our lives.

Would we do more "for money's sake," or for pleasure's sake, than for Christ's sake?

A story is told of Tolstoi who on being shown by a Russian artist a picture of "The Last Supper" pointed to the central figure and said to the artist "you don't love Him." "Why, that is the Lord Christ," replied the artist with some feeling. "Yes," said Tolstoi, "but you don't love Him or you would paint Him better."

To judge by the quality of our service, would anyone draw that conclusion concerning us—"you do not love Him"?

Has our work the authentic mark of devotion to Him upon it; or is it casual, half hearted, with no thrill or joy in it?

There seems a need for the deepening of motive—for some attempt to secure that authentic tone of Christ's constraining love—a love that will make *utmost demands* and bring out the latent possibilities of heroism and sacrifice in us.

If the words "*FOR CHRIST'S SAKE*," could become to us what they were to Paul, there would be no question about our adequacy. But the phrase will not be resplendent with its great meaning and potencies for us until we realize how infinite is our debt to the love of Christ. Paul was thrilled by the wonder of that love and by the great changes it had wrought in him, changes comparable to light shining in darkness, or to the opening of prison doors on to spacious sunlit places of freedom.

We need to get inside the words, by sharing the experience, for "words have little meaning except from the inside."

It would be well to set ourselves anew to discover what we owe to Christ, and give the remembrance a central place in our life. To observe how other men have sought to quicken and deepen these realizations is a help.

Once that has become real, the love that will not let us go—that includes us in its sweep and offers us the great gifts and deliverances of God—we begin to feel some

thing of the compelling and joyous urge of this phrase "FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

Under such a debt of love we see the truth of that word of an old English mystic that "to give all for love is a most sweet bargain."

—*Boston Transcript.*

IMMINENCE

I never think of God
As a God afar,
When He lifts His torch
To the first white star.
I never think of Him
As a spirit aloof,
When His kind rains dance
On my dark, wet roof.

I never think of Jesus
As in Galilee,
When I wander on the shores
Of a gold rimmed sea.
I never think of Him
On a shining throne,
When I walk at high morning
In a wood, alone.

I know a path
Where the hollyhocks nod;
And when I go there
I grow friendly with God.
And when young daffodils
Dance before my eyes,
I cannot think that Heaven
Is away in the skies.

I have a friend
Whose hands feel in mine
Like the very same hands
That turned water into wine.
And when, at the day's end,
I look in his face,
The whole wide world
Is a God filled place.

—*Wilson MacDonald.*

(The above poem appeared in the December issue under the heading, "Immanuel" which was an error. By request it is reprinted, under the correct title, "Imminence.")

The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

—*Wordsworth.*

Let us impart all the blessings we possess
or ask for ourselves, to the whole family of mankind.—*Washington.*

PSALM 84

How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord!
How beautiful and grand are they;
My soul delights in Thee, O God,
Would I were in Thy courts today.
The sparrow findeth peace and rest
Within these holy courts of thine;
The swallow maketh here her nest,
Thy altars, ancient and divine.
Blest are all those that dwell with Thee,
And they will ever give Thee praise;
Blest is the man, on land or sea,
Whose heart is perfect in Thy ways.
Lord God of hosts, O hear my prayer!
Behold the people of our race;
Defend us with Thy loving care,
And look upon Thy servant's face.
One day within Thy courts is more
Than elsewhere are a thousand days;
And I had rather keep Thy door
Than dwell in sinners' tents and ways.
For God is a defence, a light,
And grace and worship giveth He;
O Lord of hosts, O God of might,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

—*Charles Nevers Holmes.*

A MISUNDERSTOOD FRUIT

Bananas do not grow on trees, but on a plant which is really an overgrown herb, like cabbage or beets. The tall stalk of the banana plant is not woody like a tree-trunk, but is made of the stems of the banana leaves wrapped around one another.

An almost universal habit in America, is to eat bananas before they are really ripe, which is one reason why many people believe them to be indigestible. A fruit with a clear, bright yellow skin, a little green at the tip, may be most pleasing to the eye, but it is not ripe enough to eat.

Banana-eaters should wait until the outside of the fruit is speckled all over with brown, so that the average fruit-store is about ready to throw it away. Then the inside is at its best.

Of hundreds of known varieties of bananas, only three come largely into the American market; the red banana, the dwarf banana, sometimes sold in California, and the common yellow banana, which virtually monopolizes the markets of the East. Through some accident of past heredity this common banana is seedless, much as has happened with the seedless orange, so that plants must be grown from the small shoots or "suckers."—*Clipped.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Olar Brown, R.F.D. 5, Alpharetta, Ga., would like some books, pictures and magazines for her children; ages, girl 10, boys 5 and 3, and baby 8 months. She herself likes novels. She takes this opportunity to thank those who remembered her last year and hopes she is not asking too much at this writing. Mrs. Brown is very lonely and books and scraps of cloth are very helpful.

2. My mother is a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange and she hasn't heard from any of the dear friends in a long time. We would be glad to receive any kind of cheer this winter as we live off in the mountains. I am eighteen years old and would enjoy some reading and scraps of pieces. Miss Lillian Hale, R. 3, B. 43, Ferrum, Va.

3. Miss Georgia E. Shelton, B. 65, Dodson, Va., wishes to thank the sender of the Cheerful Letter magazine. She enjoys it very much. As there is nothing better she likes to do than sew and read, perhaps someone will send her some pieces for making chair cushions and some books.

4. Thought I would write a letter because it has been such a long time since anyone has remembered us. I am fifty-three years old and the mother of ten children, four married. My husband is a farmer, but it is very hard to make a living in these hard times, so we are pretty poor. I have three children in school and they would appreciate any kind of paper and story books. My daughter, aged 15, would like some embroidery thread. Just any kind of cheer would be so helpful. Please excuse the poor writing for when I was young I did not go to school very much. Mrs. M. G. Thomas, R. 3, Polkton, N. C.

5. Mrs. Myra Yates, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn., hasn't written the Cheerful Letter Exchange since she was married; she has been a member for a long time and hopes her good friends won't forget her this winter. Her husband hasn't been able to get any kind of work for six months.

6. Your little magazine is such a comfort to me. My health gave way and I was obliged to go to a hospital for an operation. It has taken so much money and our crops have been so poor. We were always blessed

with good crops until the awful drought. I get so blue and lonesome and I cannot do much work, just sit around sewing or reading and I hope the good folks will remember us sometime. I have three children at home, the oldest a fourteen-year-old boy, a little girl, aged 10, who has been doing all my work, so consequently has to do her studying at home, and a eight-year-old boy. I have had ten children, seven having married and left home. I hope you think I am worthy of having my name in your paper and that you will send us some kind of cheer. Mrs. Ollie Autry, Crabtree, Ark.

7. Mrs. Callie Newton, R.F.D. 1, Wadesboro, N. C., is living in a very lonely place and hopes the Cheerful Letter friends will send her some reading and quilt scraps. She has three small children, boys, six months and three years, and a girl two years old. She cannot get out much with them in the cold weather and any outside cheer will be welcomed.

8. Mrs. Lilla Smith, Sandy Ridge, N. C., wishes to thank the friend who is sending her the Cheerful Letter magazine. She enjoys it a great deal and if not asking too much would like some quilt scraps, bits of thread and good reading matter for her children. Their ages are five months to eighteen years. Mrs. Smith cannot get out very much and would like to hear from the Exchange.

9. I am just a poor farmer's wife and have two children, Kathleen, aged 9, and Billie Joe, aged 2. I would appreciate some cards and books for them and some quilt scraps for myself. Mrs. Owen Watson, Leo, Cooke Co., Tex.

10. Mrs. Abè C. Lawless, B. 68, Buffalo Ridge, Va., is an old member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange and received the magazine each month for which she is very thankful. She has one girl, aged 14, and four boys, ages 12, 8, 6 and 2. The children would like some cards and story books and Mrs. Lawless is interested in stamped pieces and embroidery thread. "Good reading is always acceptable," she writes.

11. I want to thank each and every one who at some time has sent me any cheer. I am very grateful and want you all to know how much happiness this cheer has brought during the long winter days. I hope to receive some reading and something to sew or embroider this winter. Mrs. Edmond Jones, Rupert, Ark.

12. Mrs. Donnie Jones, Tuckerdale, N. C., hopes it will not be asking too much if some-

one will please send her some quilt pieces or any good reading. She appreciates all past favors very much.

13. I wish to thank all the friends who have been sending us such good books and magazines. If someone who reads "Woman's Home Companion" and "McCall's" magazines will please send them to me when they have finished, I certainly would appreciate it a lot. My oldest girl, eleven years and boy ten years wish some books and a dictionary for their school work. I have five more children, two boys and three small girls. Work is very dull here and times are very hard. My husband gets only two or three hours' work per day. We live one and one-half miles from town and I cannot get out with so many little ones at home, so you see any kind of cheer will be wonderful to help pass the lonesome winter days. Mrs. John R. Hall, B. 725, Badin, N. C.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Essie Eldreth from Othello, N. C., to Lansing, N. C.

Mrs. R. J. Venable now of Waco, Tex., Route 2.

Mrs. Frances M. McEloy from Camilla to Pelham, Ga.

Mrs. Dean Kilby from Sturgil, N. C., to Rugby, Va., R.F.D. 1, Box 69.

Mrs. Florence T. Walker now at 302 S. 16th St., Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Mrs. Blanche Thompson now of Moorcraft, Oshoto Route, Wyo.

MARRIAGE

M. A. Stewart is now Mrs. Myra Yates, Route 4, Dayton, Tenn.

A REQUEST

If anyone among our readers can supply the rest of the hymn beginning, "Feed my lambs, the Master calleth, calleth forth to work!" please forward it to the Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and the courtesy will be much appreciated, as a request for this hymn has recently been received.

Hands that ope but to receive

Empty close; they only live

Richly, who can richly give.

Love is sweet in any guise,

But its best is sacrifice.

—Whittier.

GREAT HYMNS OF THE CENTURIES

(Concluded)

A cardinal of the Catholic church, John Henry Newman, is composer of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," written in 1833. Cardinal Newman was at Lenoforte, Sicily, and was very ill with malarial fever. "My servant," he says, "thought I was dying and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said: 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light!' I have never been able to make out at all what I meant." At last he was able to start for home, but was becalmed a full week between Corsica and Sardinia. Here it was that this hymn—most famous of all his productions—was written. Lead kindly Light, amid the circling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

An invalid Charlotte Elliott, wrote a book of 115 hymns for invalids. Among them was "Just As I Am," which lives today as it did in her day, the cry of a sufferer:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

* * *

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," written in 1840 by Sarah Flower Adams, is founded on the story of Jacob's journey recorded in Genesis 28:11-19. It is said that travellers in Palestine frequently pause at Bethel and sing:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Another hymn inspired by the Bible is "Abide With Me," written by Henry Francis Lyte in 1847. It is based on Luke 24:29: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening and the day is far spent."

For 24 years the author had been curate of Brixham, Devonshire, England, but failing health required a change of climate. Frail and feeble, he rallied to preach a farewell

sermon to his fond people. After closing the deep solemnities of the communion he dragged himself wearily back to his couch, and there, that very evening, sent forth this hymn on its mission of consolation:

Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Phoebe Cary, who holds an honored place among the poets of America, is author of the hymn "One Sweetly Solemn Thought":

One sweetly solemn thought
Come to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home today
Than I ever have been before.

Near my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

"In the Sweet By and By" was written in 1874. The author was S. Fillmore Bennett, a physician of Richmond, Ill. He gave this account of the writing:

"From 1861 to 1874, I resided in Elkhorn, Wis., where I kept an apothecary store. I was associated with Joseph P. Webster, a music teacher, in the production of music works, I composing the words, and he the music. Webster was an extremely sensitive and melancholy man, and very prone to think that others had slighted him. After a while I understood this weakness so well that I used to aid him in getting over these spells, generally by putting him to work. One day in the fall of 1874 I was standing at my desk in my drug store writing up my books, when in came Webster, looking uncommonly blue. I knew at a glance what ailed him, but said to him, pleasantly, 'Webster, what is the matter with you?' 'Ah,' he said, 'nothing much. It will be all right by and by.' 'That is so,' I said; 'and what is the reason that wouldn't be a good subject for a song—By and By?' With that I snatched up a piece of paper and wrote the song. Within 15 minutes I handed him the paper. 'There,' I said, 'write a tune for that.' Webster looked it over, reached for his fiddle and went to work at once to make a tune. I hardly think it was more than 30 minutes from the time he came into the store that he and I were singing together the words and music just as it is sung now.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

"Toward evening Uncle Crosby, as we used to call him, my wife's uncle, came into the store, and we sang it to him. He was deeply affected by it, and when it was ended he said, 'That piece is immortal.' And he was right!"

Fanny Jane Crosby, the blind poet, from whose pen came 6000 hymns, probably will be remembered longest by "Blessed Assurance," though her own favorite was "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour." She was born in New York in 1823. What Sunday school pupil has not sung, "Rescue the Perishing," "Pass Me Not," "Saved by Grace," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," all composed by her? The date of "Blessed Assurance" is not known, but the hymn is still a favorite:

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood.

—*Boston Herald.*

DO YOU WATCH YOUR BABY'S FEET?

Probably one of the most neglected phases of child care is the proper fitting of shoes and stockings for the baby and small child. The evils that mothers unknowingly do to baby's feet sometimes are the cause of much trouble in later life.

Woolen stockings are fine for the tiny baby in winter if they are large enough. However, woolen stockings shrink so easily that they soon become too small for baby. I have seen mothers put such stockings on babies where the child's heel would be half-way up on the leg of the stocking. Then the stocking had to be pulled up tight in order to be pinned to the diaper. One can easily see what that would do to the baby's feet. Many mothers also use booties that are too small for their babies because they seem too good to be discarded. Neither stockings nor booties should fit snugly.

It is wrong to force their pink little toes into stiff shoes. The best kind of shoes or foot covering is the soft-soled moccasin.

These allow free play of the feet and adequate exercise for the muscles.

After baby is old enough for little shoes, continue to buy the soft-soled type. Elk skin is very soft, pliable and porous. It is also washable which is a very important factor for any baby clothes. Patent leather is showy but causes the baby's skin to perspire and is not suitable for children's shoes except perhaps for dress-up occasions.

When babies start to walk they do not need stiff, heavy-soled shoes. The soles should be firm but flexible. Some of our leading chiropodists claim that a very large part of adult foot suffering is due to deformities which had their origin in infancy and childhood, when the bones of their feet were pressed out of shape by ill-fitting shoes.

Not only shoes but stockings should always be long enough on the feet so that the toes are not crowded. On the other hand it is wrong to buy the shoes overlarge because they throw the feet out of position and encourage foot troubles, such as flat foot, corns, bunions, etc.

I always use lace shoes for my children because they can be laced to support the ankles.

It is a wise plan to examine the child's feet when putting him to bed to see if there are any red spots left from rubbing or from the shoe fitting too snugly. Remember that children's feet grow so quickly that shoes will be outgrown oftentimes before they are worn out. When they are outgrown they should be discarded at once, for by so doing you will save your child many hours of suffering in later life.

—*Mother's Home Life.*

BEING POOR TOGETHER

There's a green hat with a feather,
And a black coat trimmed with fitch
To warm me in cold weather,
But I won't buy a stitch!
I will go without, unheeding
The trifles I am needing,
For being poor together
Is being very rich!

There is richness without money,
And you alone I need,
For your smile is twice as sunny
As a store of golden meed.
So I'll go on, never sighing
For what I might be buying,
For though it may seem funny—
With you I'm rich indeed!

—*Anne Campbell.*

THE SECRET OF SLEEP

We spend a third of our lives in bed, but few of us know how to plan intelligently for that third.

And yet we can no more live without sleep than without food. Many of us weigh ourselves daily and worry about calories, while we let our sleeping hours take care of themselves.

And many of us suffer from insomnia in consequence.

In *Hygeia*, Prof. Donald A. Laird, of Colgate University, with whose interesting experiments on sleep and sleeping many are familiar, tells how to sleep well, with maximum amount of refreshment.

He writes:

"Rip Van Winkle's long sleep record, which was a myth, is excelled by each of us who lives to a fairly ripe old age. Truth is again stranger than fiction, for by the time we are sixty years old we have spent twenty years in the arms of Morpheus.

"What we do and what we are during the other two-thirds depends to a large extent on how well this sleeping third is invested. Personal health as well as physical ill health is readily affected by a poor quality of sleep. There is more to sleep than just going to bed for a stated number of hours; what we get out of sleep depends on how we sleep as well as how long we sleep.

"We sleep in parts. Our eyes may be dulled, but our brain may still be active.

"We may be unconscious, yet walk twenty miles in our sleep; we may dream bizarre dreams, or we may make discoveries and inventions with the same mental machinery while asleep.

"We may have frightful dreams that put us in a bad humor for the following day, or we may have dreams that help to start the next day right.

"Our minds do some of their best work while we sleep; not always, of course, because we do not always give careful attention to having the conditions favorable. The musical score of Mozart's 'Magic Flute' was conceived almost in its entirety during sleep. Julia Ward Howe composed the words for 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' in her sleep. Geometrical theorems and chemical formulas can be completely solved during sleep.

"Problems can be solved while we sleep, but we have to start the wheels going before we go to sleep. The so-called subconscious mental activities must be started deliberately

with two aims in view: first, to assure a night of restful and undisturbed sleep; and, second, to work on the unsolved problems or tasks of the day left behind as well as of the day to come.

"When it is difficult to calm down emotionally, as following an exciting evening or day, a fifteen-minute tub bath with the water close to 97 Fahrenheit will produce wonders.

"A bedroom that has a preponderance of blue and green in its furnishings is calming. Reds and yellows are exciting colors.

"John D. Rockefeller says, 'I do not permit myself to look at a timepiece after retiring at night.' That helps turn off the emotion generators."

Planned and skilful relaxation, Professor Laird says, helps calm down both emotions and the body. According to Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of the University of Chicago, the important thing is not merely to relax but to relax more every successive minute. Usually we relax as we sleep, in parts; our arms and legs may be fairly relaxed, but our neck and face muscles will yet be under tension. Relaxation should be complete to have the most calming influence; every muscle of the body should be free from tension. Professor Laird goes on:

"Bad dreams, which bring about bad humor the following day, may be caused by residual tensions.

"Even the loss of an hour or two of sleep from one's regular amount will produce definite modifying effects on the personality. That the loss of such a small amount of sleep will cause such a noticeable difference is an indication that most of us are getting only the minimum of sleep that nature demands, or perhaps less than the minimum.

"The world's leaders are well-rested people. Attractive personalities are well-rested personalities. This was known by a certain Lady X, who set the pace for youthful vitality in London society a few decades ago, although she was past middle age. In his memoirs, Sir Robert Lucy says, 'Among the stories told to account for her phenomenal vivacity is one to the effect that on a day each week she remained through the twenty-four hours in a bed in a darkened room shuttled from noise. Here she renewed her youth like an eagle.'

"An unhealthy personality predisposes to poor sleep, and poor sleep works no good for personality. Of primary importance for insuring proper sleep is a constructive and calm mental and emotional attitude. But

before retiring we must see the light side of our troubles and we should review the pleasant experiences of the day. This easy state of mind will help to bring undisturbed sleep, although it will not make the sleep constructive.

"To make our sleep constructive we should review in our minds near the retiring hour some of the things we want to do on the coming day, so that our so-called subconscious processes can be active on these things to be accomplished rather than with disturbing dreams. Taking our tasks to bed for solution helps the tasks and also helps sleep if we are otherwise emotionally calm. The person who keeps his mind at work on a constructive problem while he is asleep does not have disturbed sleep if his emotions are stable and if life is faced with a smile."

—Selected.

AMERICA NEEDS GANDHI

America needs a Mahatma Gandhi. We do not mean to deliver it from its political evils; but to call it back from a complex and automatic civilization to the practice and enjoyment of the genuine arts of peace and a harmonious prosperity—which is the only prosperity that does a nation much good. Much may be said in support of this machine age: it makes for speed, efficiency, comfort, a life crowded with twice the possessions and thrills of the fathers. But, also, it shatters nerves, drives the individual harder and faster and immensely complicates and confuses the process of living. A writer who was peculiarly observing of the signs of the times remarked a few years ago, with a gentle touch of humor, that he feared the effect of too much application of electricity to the affairs of the human race; meaning, probably, that humanity would be so overloaded with luxuries and labor-saving devices that life would cease to be natural and might defeat itself.

Even nature is being turned into playthings and a means to promote the commercial instinct. Engineering genius, with almost unlimited wealth to support it, has turned what were formerly impassable mountain barriers into a magnificent scenic country to be seen from the luxury of automobiles and parlor cars. Rivers, lakes, and ocean courses are used for racing purposes by college crews, speed-boat enthusiasts and yacht-clubs. Forests, once impenetrable, have wide, smooth roads, and are playgrounds for automobile tourists. For sev-

eral years, on the way to our summer home, we have been passing a waste country of underbrush, rocks and scrub-trees. The last time we passed that way we discovered that the land was being cleared for a great airport.

Mr. Gandhi is exerting a tremendous influence, not only on the people of India, but on the philosophy of the world. Extravagant statements are made of his power. He certainly remains true to his apostleship. When expecting to go to London, for a round-table conference on Indian affairs, he did not plan to go, as he might, in a first-class cabin free of charge. He selected the steerage. He was going to take along his own provisions in the form of grapes, dates, and the milk of two goats. He had also planned to take a spinning wheel and a copy of "Civil Disobedience," a work of the non-conformist, Thoreau, whom Gandhi greatly admires. The fact of changed plans does not invalidate simplicity of preparation.

We more than half suspect that the influence of this extraordinary man on his time is due as much to his philosophy of the simple life which he so consistently practises, as to his political doctrines. So we ask: Would not America benefit from a similar example?

—Clipped.

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be

The last of life, for which the first was made.

Our times are in His hand,

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God;

See all nor be afraid!" —Browning.

"Which is the most valuable—a silver dollar or a dollar bill?"

"The bill, because when you put it in your pocket you *double* it, and when you take it out, you find it *in creases*."

A high church dignitary was obsessed with the monomania that one of his legs was gradually becoming petrified. To test its condition, he pinched it at frequent intervals. At a dinner party he made the usual test, and became greatly excited to find that he felt no sensation from a most vigorous pinch.

"It has come, it has come!" he moaned, "at last my leg is completely petrified!"

The matron sitting next to him whispered hoarsely:

"Excuse me; it is *not* petrified, and it is *not* yours."

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

SILVER WINGS

Miles lay on his back in the shade of the big red beech that every one said was the most beautiful tree in this township, and it seemed like a friend to Miles who had come a long, long journey with his grandfather, to visit their relatives here at the New England farm. Far away at his Ohio Valley home a tree like this stood on the lawn.

It was a hot, hot day, and grandfather had brought an armchair out into the deep, cool shade of the beech, and it was just when Miles was wishing that the gleaming leaves overhead would tell him a story that grandfather began to speak.

"I wasn't much younger than you are now when my father made up his mind to leave this farm where he worked with his father, and go West. It seemed a very great journey in those days, and I can remember how busy the folks were putting aside what they couldn't hope to crowd on to the wagon we were to travel with. I wanted most of all to take my pigeon, 'Silver Wings,' and father promised to find room for her on the load. So I wove a little cage of rushes, and when we drove away I held the cage with Silver Wings in my hands.

"The journey to our new home was very long. Night after night we camped by the roadside. Day after day our wagon rumbled over the uneven, deeply rutted trails that were very muddy after rains and at other times so dry that the dust rose in choking clouds. We climbed hills and forded rivers and passed through frontier towns, and were very weary of travelling when father decided to stop and make our home under a beautiful red beech tree."

"Is that where our home is now?" asked Miles eagerly.

"Yes. The beech father took a fancy to stands on our lawn. At first under the tree was our home. Mother cooked our meals there, and we slept there on fragrant boughs of fir, and we ate there from a rough plank table. After father finished the log cabin on a little knoll near by the beech, nuts began to fall from the tree and we boys gathered them to add to our winter store of food.

"After we stopped travelling I made a larger cage for Silver Wings to live in, and sometimes I let her hop about with a string tied to her leg. You see, I knew that if she were let free she would circle up in the sky

and fly straight away to the old home to which she had been trained to return from shorter distances.

"We were very busy there, getting ready for winter, but you can guess rightly that I often longed to see the dear folks we had left behind. Father had written them a letter but it would be months before they could receive it, and many more months before we would hope for an answer. I wished I could send them something from my new home. I wished I could tell them what a beautiful red tree we had.

"Then one day while I was picking up beechnuts I had a thought which sent me running to father with a question.

"If I should tie a bag of nuts around Silver Wing's neck would she fly home with them for grandfather to plant and have a beautiful tree like this we had found in the wilderness?"

"I am sure we could tie a nut or two under her wing with a letter," he said.

"That evening mother and he wrote the letter. The next morning I fed Silver Wings sparingly and watered her freely, and took her out of the little rush cage. Father tied his rolled letter containing two nuts under her strong wing, and we watched her circle up and up through the sunny air until she turned and was just a speck flying away under a fleecy cloud that was in the direction of our old home.

"It was springtime before we heard that the carrier pigeon reached her destination safely. It was another year before we heard that my grandfather had planted the two beechnuts and one of them had sprouted. I was a big boy when he wrote that the little sprout was growing to a sturdy tree. When I first came back to visit, the tree was twenty feet high. It's nigh four times that now!"

Miles lay on his back watching the leaves gleam in the deep, cool shade, and they seemed to tell him that boyish thoughtfulness and unselfishness and love had bidden Silver Wings bring the little seed its long, long journey to make so many people glad. And Miles determined to fill his own boyhood with thoughts and words and deeds that would bring gladness to the folks he knew.

(Courtesy of The Beacon)

Just the art of being kind
Is what a sad world needs.

GOD'S CALENDAR

Soon New Year's Day will be here. We shall change our calendars, and begin to write 1932. Have we thought that it is God who gives us the calendar, the measure of our time? It was written in the sky, in the sun, in the moon, in the seasons that come and go. The human mind had to find out what was written there. That is the way we get all God's messages. For our calendar those messages are all written in light.

The smallest time measure that you and I could notice is from the day, with its light to the night set in shadows. It is evening and it is morning—one day, one measure of time. Our star, the earth, makes that measure, turning around first toward and then away from the sun's beams of light.

Then the moon measures another period for us, and we can see just how many days it takes for it to make one journey around our earth. At first we see a thin crescent of light in the west, when the sun has just gone down. It grows wider night after night, until it gets quite on the other side of the earth, in the east when the sun is in the west. Then we see its full front lighted up by the sun's rays. One round of the moon, a little more than thirty days, makes a moon-th, or month. Twelve of these, while our star-planet goes once around the sun—and we have a year of twelve months—a calendar year.

Can we remember when we see or write 1932, that our earth has swung round the sun that many times since Jesus came to earth a little child? It is really a few more times than that big number, for those who counted the years did not really begin quite far enough back, and Jesus was perhaps born about five years before the year one of that 1932 years. For all that time, and for countless centuries before, God's clock had been going in the skies just as it is today and will be for ages to come.

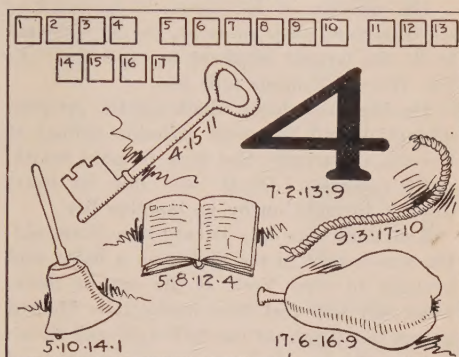
Shall we begin our New Year knowing it is God's calendar we live by? Then we can think what God would have us do in the year 1932, to make it a happy year for others and so for ourselves. God keeps the calendar, too, for our hearts.

(Courtesy of The Beacon)

The heights were made by God to dare man to climb and man's heart is such that he accepts the challenge. That is the way to look at life.

CAN YOU READ IT?

Good Advice



Print the word K E Y in the little squares numbered 4-15-11. Then print the names of the other objects pictured in the little squares as numbered. When you have the names of all the objects printed in the proper spaces you will find that you have a well-known proverb. What is it?

(Courtesy of The Beacon)

HE WAS A BAD ELEPHANT, BUT HE PETTED THE ROBINS

Khartoum was his name, and he was the terror of the New York Zoological Park, in the Bronx.

No keeper was allowed to enter his corral. Its iron railings had been heavily reenforced after an attempt to escape, when he had wrenched out some bars.

Since becoming a rogue elephant four years ago, he had doused nursemaids and children with trunkfuls of water, torn a woman's fur to pieces, shredded a red sweater and thrown it on high, and pelted people with odd missiles, from bits of iron to bundles of hay.

Seven thousand pounds of strength and fury, within a quarter-inch of Jumbo's height, he was a problem. The approach of a human being sent him into a murderous rage. But—he had a kindly feeling for little birds, and when he died the other day the New York *Herald Tribune* related:

In spite of his enmity toward the human race, and apparently toward other animals, Khartoum was friendly and hospitable toward the robins, which would build their nests every spring within his reach. The elephant would stand for minutes at a time gazing at the birds building their nests, and later at their small families. He would occasionally raise his trunk and touch the tip gently to the nest, but would never disturb

the birds.

The passing of Khartoum is recorded as an important piece of news, for he was said to be the largest elephant in captivity. As *The Herald Tribune* tells us:

The big pachyderm, which was the greatest attraction and the most valuable animal at the zoo, apparently had been in good health, until recently. Death was due to heart disease, brought on by an inactive life.

Khartoum was only twenty-nine years old. He was caught in the Sudan as a baby, and brought to New York at the age of three, when only four feet three inches tall. He had grown to a height of ten feet eight and three-quarters inches, lacking but one-quarter of an inch of Jumbo, the largest elephant ever known.

"Khartoum had been in the zoo for twenty-six years, which is longer than the average elephant lasts in captivity," said Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoological Park. "The life of an elephant under normal conditions is about the same as that of a man. The British Army Service in India has

studied the question of the age of elephants very closely. There have been a few cases of elephants passing a hundred years, just as a human being does occasionally."

Khartoum originally had a good disposition, but in time became violent and fierce, as many elephants do in captivity. Special apparatus was installed so that he could be fed and his cage cleaned without its being entered by an attendant.

His skin will be stuffed and mounted as an exhibit in the American Museum of Natural History. Nobody at the Zoo seemed to grieve for him, but when the robins return to the Bronx in the spring they may miss the big fellow and his gentle interest in their nesting.—*Literary Digest*.

Love goes on many errands which look like desperate chances; and love always wins because it goes in that happy spirit.

Thought is deeper than all speech.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.